

My Uncle is Who!

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Summary: What happens when Michael Myers little sister, Laurie, has a child and around the time he's a teenager, killings start happening. Will Laurie's son side with his mother, or his psychotic uncle? This will be MalexMale. I also upload on Quotev, my username is Emo Chick. I might upload or update a story there before here, it just depends on how much time I have or how tired I am Enjoy

My Uncle is Who!

I woke up to my alarm going off next to me. I groaned as I got up and went into my bathroom for a quick shower before getting ready. Once my shower was over, I went back into my bedroom and started getting dressed. I slipped on a pair of neon green skinny jeans, a neon hot pink \_Blood on the Dance Floor \_band T-shirt, and black converse. Then, I started putting on my peircings. I started with my ears. They were peirced all the way around, I had three small silver hoops at the tops of my ears and black, pink, and green studs on the bottoms. Once all my earrings were in, I moved on to my silver hoop nose peircing. I also put on my snakebites and angelbites. After that was done, I grabbed my straightener that I plugged up before my shower and started straightening my black hair. My hair also had purple, pink, blue, and green streaks in it.

I'm ready, so I go downstairs and walk into the living room. My dad is reclined in his chair watching the news. Apparently, theres been a lot of killings in the area.

\_News Anchor 1: Theres still no telling who's responsible for the killings, but police think it's somehow connected to the psycopathic killer, Michael Myers. \_

His picture came up on the screen, so people could identify him.

\_ 'Michael Myers? That sounded familiar. . .but where. . .MOM! She talked about him when I was smaller. I wonder how she knew him. . .well, I'll ask after they're done talking about him. I want to know everything the police has to say before asking mom about it.' \_

\_ News Anchor 2: They are, however, not sure. Twenty-five years ago, Michael Myers was announced dead. There was no evidence, but the body was never found. If you spot him, please call this number.\_

The number to call came up on the screen. I grabbed a pen and started scribbling it down on my hand, just in case I happened to need it.

\_ 'Lets see, 304-969-6659. Ok, now to go eat breakfast and ask mom about him.' \_

I walked into the kitchen and sat down at the table. "Hey mom."

"Oh, hi sweetie. Didn't hear you walk in."

She sat a plate of pancakes with butter and jelly on them down in front of me.

"So-uh-mom. . .I was wondering. . .what you knew about," I paused and took a deep breath. "Michael Myers." I finished.

I heard plates smashing and turned around to find that my mom had dropped the plates she had been holding. When she kneeled doe=wn to pick the broken glass up I stood up and stopped her.

"No, it's ok mom. I'll clean it up." I said.

"H-How do you know that name?" My mother asked shakily.

"I just heard it on the news and I remember how you used to talk about him when I was younger." I said picking up the last piece of glass.

After that, me and my mom had a talk. I'm not aloud to talk about Michael Myers anymore. On my way to school I kept thinking I heard something behind me, but everytime I would turn around, no one would be there. Strange. After school I started hearing the same thing I was hearing this morning. The next thing I knew, I was being pinned to a tree, out of view of anyone who could possibly call the cops, with a hand over my mouth. I looked up and saw. . .

End  
file.